

## ONE OF WATTERSON'S STORIES

How a Defaulter Was Given a Chance and Regained Name and Wealth.

That was a queer story Henry Watterson told in his lecture about a defalcation case at Louisville, says the St. Louis Republic. He said that several years ago a gentleman holding a commanding commercial and social position in the Kentucky metropolis had used the funds of the corporation of which he was the trusted financial head, and when the day of accounting came he found he was short in his accounts. The time was too brief to make the deficit good, and his own funds were in such shape that he was inextricably entangled. He was an honest man, but in a moment of overconfidence had permitted himself to deviate from the narrow path just enough to use the firm's cash as a temporary loan, promising to return it promptly. When the time came he could not. Instead of waiting the inevitable discovery he called a meeting of directors, made a straightforward confession, resigned his position and threw himself upon the mercy of the court, so to speak, and pledged himself to pay every dollar if he were not exposed and prosecuted. An animated discussion followed, and a large majority were in favor of giving the delinquent a chance. His hitherto high standing and undoubted business ability were in his favor, not to mention that he might have skipped if he had desired. Two of the directors held out. They thought it would be compounding a felony, and it was an unlawful thing to let such a man loose upon the unsuspecting community. But they were outvoted, and the defaulter was given another chance. He is now a prosperous and wealthy business man of Louisville. Two years after his misfortune one of the two men who had objected to his release was a fugitive in Texas, charged with embezzlement, and, at the end of another year, the other fled to Canada to escape arrest on the same charge. In the whirligig of time this prosperous merchant, whose early misfortune these two men had endeavored to turn into disgrace and calamity, said Colonel Watterson, was the foreman of the grand jury that indicted the two fugitives.

## A Prosperous Country.

Our people like to have nearly everything grow, and all sorts of figures to become more prodigious from year to year, but there is one direction in which they wish to have the statistics go backward. This is in respect to the business failures recorded throughout the country. Retrogression is eminently desirable here, and this is what the country actually enjoyed in that marvellously prosperous year, 1892.

In that year the number of trade failures was less than that recorded in any year since 1886, and was more than two thousand less than in 1891, although there was a vastly increased number of traders in business, and an immense increase in the volume of transactions.

The indebtedness of those who failed was sixty-five million dollars less in 1892 than in 1891. That means that a much smaller burden, proportionately, rests upon the business of the future, as a result of the failures of 1892, than had to be taken up as the result of trade catastrophes of 1891.

In many ways our country has been favored during the past two or three years—in abundant harvests, in intelligent enterprise directed toward the development of resources, and in other ways. The general business of the country has been reaping the benefit of the past year of these favoring circumstances.

Let us hope that no calamity will occur to interrupt this wholesome backward movement of business catastrophes.

## One Way to Thwart a Setting Hen.

A Cape Cod man gives some valuable hints on the care of poultry.

"I have experimented with a setting hen, and found a way in breaking them of the habit, in the winter at least. I haven't patented my idea; those who wish to try it can do so, and welcome. I made half a dozen snowballs and soaked them in water. In the morning they were solid ice. I shaped them as near like an egg as possible, and then placed them under the setting hen. She smiled.

"I stood by and watched her. She cuddled the ice eggs under her and clucked softly to them. In about ten minutes she appeared to get uneasy. She arose and scratched the darlings together and shook herself, then, evidently satisfied, settled down again. Soon she got up once more—this time with evident concern; something was wrong, surely—perhaps the weather was getting cold. She felt wet and chilly, but with great perseverance she sat down again, and again got up—this time for good. She walked out of the box, and then turned and looked in, but she had had enough.

"I told a friend of mine this new idea. My friend, being a large poultry man, immediately set his four boys to work making snowballs."—Boston Journal.

## Fascinating Cleverness.

Paris soon hopes to get rid of the difference between cabmen and the public. Someone has invented a clockwork arrangement which registers the distance covered and the proper fare. The distance is chronicked by means of a water pump at which to one of the wheels. The owners are also benefited by being able to make sure of their three-fourths of the meter.

## A Manoeuvring Plate.

A Welshman (Mr.) woman to a much blue-eyed plate, upon which all men have been taken.

## THE EMPIRE HAT.

New-Style Hat and Old-Style Streamer Make a Pleasing Combination.

A new style of hat with an old style of streamer has come into fashion, and it must be conceded that the



THE EMPIRE HAT.

velvet streamer and Empire hat harmonize. The Empire hat, shown in our illustration, is made of yellow Etruscan straw, with the crown and edge of black chip. The inside of the flaring brim is covered with black straw lace, which shows a suggestion of yellow beneath. The edge of this brim is finished with yellow Etruscan straw in a fancy pattern. Shaded roses in ombre tints nestle against the brim and rest their petals on the hair. Toward the front is a large Alsatian bow of many loops, composed of wide ombre ribbon, which reveals blended shades of old rose, black, cream and dull blue.

Above the loops of ribbon is a wavy coronet of black ostrich tips. The black velvet streamer starts from beneath the petals of a rose at the left side. It hangs gracefully and is caught on the dress with another rose.

## Jocularities of Speech.

How tiresome are these would-be funny folk who never dance, but "trip the light fantastic," who seem to find it impossible to speak of an unmarried man except as "a gay bachelor," with whom the sea is always "the briny," or the "herring pond," and a horse "a fiery steed," who eternally talk about "Sunday-go-to-meeting" clothes, and who have such phrases as "no extra charge," "the noxious weed," "the pipe of peace," and "braving the element," forever on their lips! It is difficult to say whether these cant phrases—that is a perfectly proper description of them—are more odious when used consciously or unconsciously—that is, by people who believe them to be funny and intend that their hearers should consider them funny, or by those who have merely caught them up and repeat them like parrots, and without any intention, good or bad. In our own opinion, the use of common jocularities is most offensive in those who think of them as wit, and expect to be applauded after each offense. We feel that those who try to force a laugh out of such expressions as "my downy couch," or "committing matrimony," and who squirm into a smile as they ask if "there isn't room for one more," or who speak of their "great heads" or "eagle eyes," deserve to be shot at sight.

## This Seems Silly.

Certain ladies charged with the duty of obtaining data for a study of young humanity now send to new mothers little blank books provided with questions as to when the baby first exhibited the sense of hearing, when he first took note of light, what were his earliest signs of distress, and many more such. The questions are designed to furnish hints for an investigation extending over the first four years of the child's life. In time all the books will be collected and sent to Germany as aids to persons who are one day to announce the results of an elaborate study of mental development during infancy and early childhood.

## Wanted to Marry His Wife.

Robert Pasmore Leonard, of Pittsburgh, applied at the Register's office in that city recently for a license to marry his wife. He had been married under the name of Pasmore, but as he had lately fallen heir to some property in Canada, and as the English law does not recognize a marriage under an assumed name, he desired, so as to protect his wife's interest, to have the ceremony performed in proper form. He received the license.

## Railroad on Ice.

Middle-aged Marylanders recall the fact that the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad crossed the Susquehanna at Havre de Grace on the ice in February, 1852. In those days the river was not bridged at that point, and the old steamboat Maryland carried the trains across on her deck. The river froze very thick in February, 1852, and tracks were laid upon the ice, upon which trains crisscrossed for several days.

## Revived by Electricity.

Electricity has been successfully applied to the resuscitation of apparently drowned persons. A man in Scotland while bathing was seized with cramp and sunk, remaining below water for two minutes. When rescued he was believed to be dead, but two applications of the electrical current, passed between the apex of the neck and the heart, restored him to animation and ultimate recovery.

## Poor Thing!

A pet dog, it is said, recently died at Ekron, Ky., from lacking his mistress's cheek. She painted, and the dog died of pining.

## In That Act!

Paris actresses wear paper fans.

## BEFORE THE FORTY-NINERS.

Deposits of Gold Known to California Priests a Century Ago.

The discovery of gold in California has recently called forth a good deal of discussion and also an especially interesting story from Captain W. H. Thomas, President of the Society of California Pioneers. Capt. Thomas, before he took up his permanent residence in Boston, spent many years in California, and is very much interested in the early history of the gold discoveries. He says:

"I am perfectly satisfied that the presence of gold in that region was known to the priests in the very earliest times. The priests, who were the first pioneers, were a pastoral people. As missionaries they gained a wonderful influence over the native Indians, and gradually flooded the country with great herds of sheep and cattle that roamed over ranges thousands of acres in extent. These herds the Indians tended, and it was, therefore, the policy of the priests to keep the Indians in subjection. Every priest had some practical trade which enabled him to utilize the labor of his converts building missions and constructing public works. Near San Bernardino there are still remains of an aqueduct that brought the water for ten miles through the hills, so that it would spout up in the public courtyard, and supplied the people of the town. That aqueduct was made of small stones, laid in a cement that is to-day as hard as granite—harder than any cement that is now known.

"The priests brought with them from Spain grape vines and orange trees, and they sought to bring peace and plenty to the new land. They were wise, long-headed men, and must have known of the existence of gold, but they also knew the avareness of the Spanish people. They reasoned that if the presence of the yellow metal should become known in Spain, hordes of greedy adventurers would rush in, robbing, killing and ravishing; their peaceful relations with the Indians would be broken off, the great herds would be scattered, and the supremacy of the priests themselves would be lost. This supremacy was at its highest in 1765, when from the mission at San Diego a chain of twenty-four missions was extended northward. Junipero Serra was priest-president of all the missions in California, and was an intelligent, persevering, enterprising man. He was not only instrumental in founding mission after mission, but he added to the herds thousands of sheep and cattle. I have been six times to California, and have talked with priests of all nationalities, Mexican, Spanish, Irish and American, and I am confident from what they say that Junipero Serra knew about the gold; but he was a singular character, and ruled with a hand of steel, so that gold was a word that no one dared to utter. He had the history of Peru and other countries in his mind, and he knew that an influx of gold hunters meant terror and destruction, and the failure of all his great plans."

## COFFEE RAISING.

How the Popular Berry is Cultivated on the Malay Peninsula.

The principal industry among Europeans in the Malay Peninsula is the planting of coffee. When one desires to enter into the business he secures a grant of 300 or 500 acres of jungle from the Maharajah or ruler. The forest is felled, leaving nothing behind but skeleton trees, which are hewn down and allowed to rot, thus fertilizing the coffee. When the coffee-trees are six inches high they are set out in rows four feet apart. Three years elapse from the date of planting to that of bearing. The blossom is pure white, and in fragrance like stephanotis. The trees are kept pruned so as not to exceed seven feet in height; but, if permitted, they attain the height of twenty feet without bearing fruit, while the root will destroy the other trees. When the berry is first developed it is very much like an olive, only round; when ready for picking it is red like a large cherry, having inside two stones, which are the coffee-beans. The



A COFFEE TREE.

blossom remains twenty-four hours on the tree, then it falls, and a month thereafter the berries are mature. The coffee-tree flowers twice a year, and usually produces two crops. The berries, after picking, are taken to the pulping-house, where the husk or skin is taken off, and then placed in sheds to ferment; here they remain for ten or fifteen days, being afterward taken to the peeler and washer, and dried on rattan matting, and afterward conveyed to the storage shed, where they are packed in bags for shipping.

## He Should Not Be.

J. W. Thomas, a Union volunteer of Weeping Water, Neb., has set out for Texas, to recover from a Confederate veteran there the pocket watch which was taken from Thomas when he lay wounded on the battle-field at Fishing Landing.



LADIES OF THE ADMINISTRATION.

1. Mrs. Cleveland. 2. Mrs. Stevenson. 3. Mrs. Carlisle. 4. Mrs. Lamont. 5. Mrs. Hoke Smith. 6. Mrs. Bissell. 7. Miss Herbert.

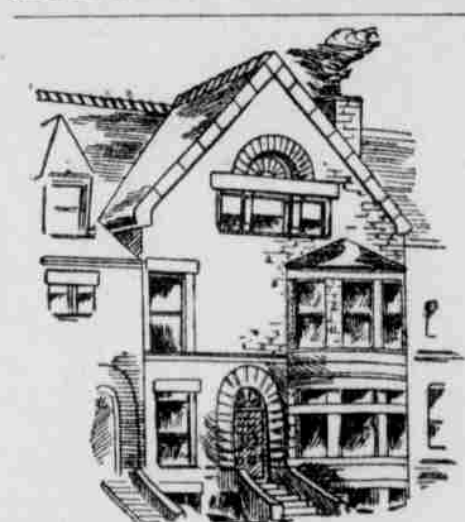
## HOMES OF THE CABINET.

ABODES OF MR. CLEVELAND'S POLITICAL FAMILY.

Something of the Domestic Life of the Advisers Whom the President Has Chosen to Aid Him in Administering Public Affairs.

## How They Live.

From the public lives of the men whom President Cleveland has appointed to his Cabinet it is interest-



JUDGE GRESHAM'S HOUSE, CHICAGO.

ing to turn and note their domestic habits.

The gentleman who holds the portfolio of State, Hon. Walter Q. Gresham, finds the chief delight in life in the bosom of his family. His home



RESIDENCE OF HOKE SMITH, ATLANTA.

is one of a series of brown stone buildings on Prairie avenue, Chicago, and here he dispenses royal hospitality to his friends. In 1858 he married Miss Matilda McGrain, of Harrison County, Ind. Judge Gresham's figure is tall and slender and his handshake warm. He prides himself on his ability to read character. He is very democratic in his tastes and rides to and from his business in the street cars.

The home of Hoke Smith, Secretary of the Interior, is a large but unostentatious dwelling on West Peach-



RESIDENCE OF HOKE SMITH, ATLANTA.

tree street, Atlanta, Ga. It has broad piazzas and an extensive lawn in front, and here during the long

summer afternoons Mr. Smith may be seen playing with his children. There are three children, Marion, the

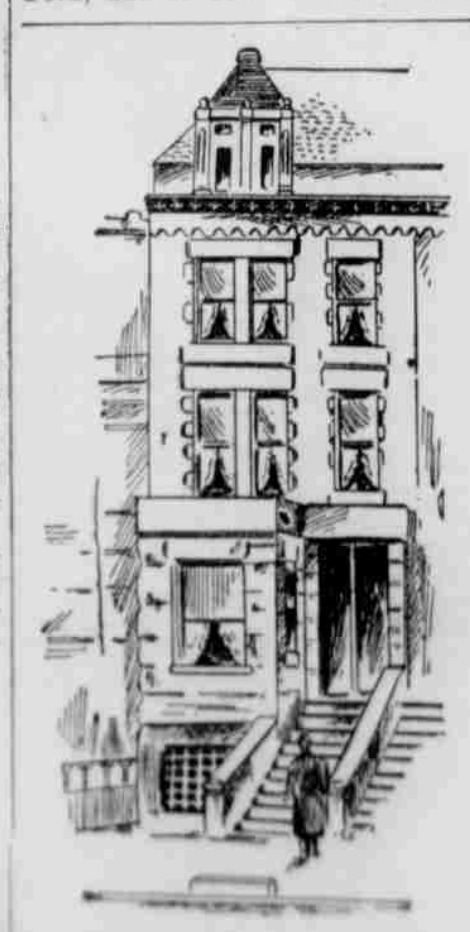


MR. CARLISLE'S HOUSE IN WASHINGTON.

eldest, aged 8; Mary Brent, aged 4; and Lucy, a babe of 8 months. Mr. Smith is but 38 years old and is fond of outdoor exercise.

The home of Hilary A. Herbert, the new Secretary of the Navy, is at Montgomery, Ala. His long life in Washington renders him better known there than in the South, and at the capital he lives with his family at the Richmond. Mr. Herbert is a widower. He has three children, two daughters and a son.

Wilson Shannon Bissell, who has been a resident of Buffalo for forty years, lives at 295 Delaware avenue. Like his former law partner, the President, he led a bachelor's life until his friends thought he would die, but four years ago he married Miss Louise Sturgis, of Geneva, New York, and is now the father of a



DANIEL LAMONT'S NEW YORK HOUSE.

little girl about the age of Ruth Cleveland. Mrs. Bissell is an accomplished musician and was music teacher at the Buffalo Seminary when she married. She is a charming lady.

John Milton Carlisle, the famous Kentucky statesman, is as democratic to-day as when in his early years he followed the plow in Ken-

tucky. He is adored by newspaper men and is uniformly courteous and polite. He has been known to give his seat to a colored girl in the street cars with as much grace as though he were offering his place to a Senator's wife. His wife, who presides over his home in Washington, is a most gracious and accomplished lady. She is like as a school girl and very young in appearance, although she is the mother of two grown-up sons.

With Daniel Scott Lamont the public is fairly well acquainted. He is the intimate of the President.



RESIDENCE OF RICHARD OLNEY, BOSTON.

Mr. Lamont's home in New York is on West 72d street and is gracefully presided over by Mrs. Lamont, who is a bosom friend of Mrs. Cleveland. The family consists of three children,



ARBOR LODGE, MR. MORTON'S HOME.

the oldest of whom is 11 and the youngest 4.

Richard Olney, the new Attorney General, is one of the leading lawyers of New England, and for a long time has drawn a princely fortune from his legal profession. His home is on Commonwealth avenue, where he resides in winter. The summer home is at Falmouth. His wife is a daughter of the late Benjamin F. Thomas and their two daughters are married, one in Boston and the other to a physician in Berlin, Germany.

Arbor Lodge is the name of the place where J. Sterling Morton, Secretary of Agriculture, watched the growth of Nebraska City. He is a pioneer in Nebraska, having gone there two years ahead of the government surveyor. His home is one of the most charming places in the country. In 1881 his wife died and on the tombstone he carved his own name and those of his three sons. One day he pointed out the names to his sons, saying: "If either of you does a dishonorable thing I will have his name chiseled off that stone." The disgrace is never likely to occur, for Mr. Morton's sons are exceptionally bright young men.